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A

MEMORIAL

OF

James Vanderpool, M. D.

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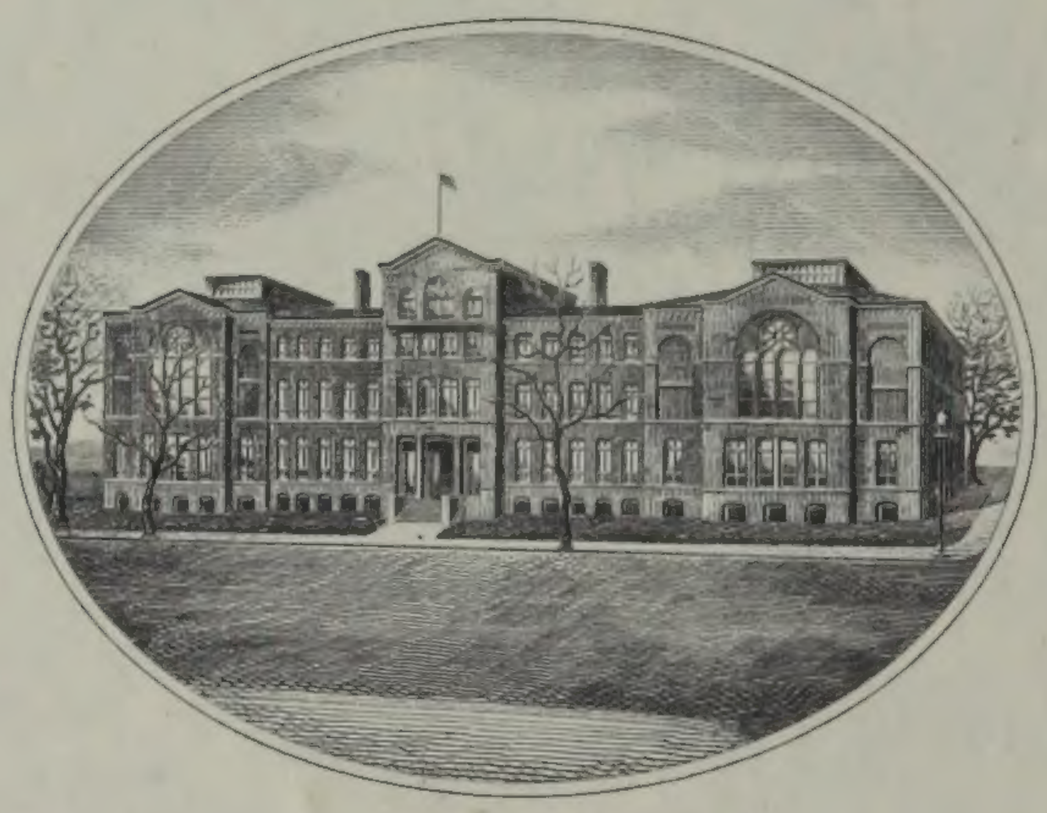
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Yours affectionate Son.

James Vanderpool

A MEMORIAL

OF

DR. JAMES VANDERPOOL,

OF NEWARK, NEW-JERSEY,

WHO DIED AT YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,

JANUARY 14, 1876,

IN THE THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,

While on a Voyage around the World.

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Prefatory Note.

As this Memorial Sketch is intended for private distribution only, the number of copies being limited to thirty, any apology respecting its contents may seem to be unnecessary.

Nevertheless, the compiler deems it proper to say to any one into whose hands it may chance to fall, that the matter composing it was taken from the private journal of Dr. James Vanderpool, kept by him on his eventful voyage from New-York to Yokohama, and from letters written by him to friends at home; and, further and chiefly, that the Doctor never for a moment imagined that his writings would be published, and they were consequently never revised or corrected by him.

It is hoped that this explanation will be considered as satisfactorily accounting for any errors in statement or blemishes in style which may mar this sketch.

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Biographical Sketch.

THE subject of this sketch, Dr. JAMES VANDERPOOL, was the the third son of Beach and Susan Chambers (*née* Fisher) Vanderpool, and was born in the City of New-York, November 4, 1841. He died in Yokohama, Japan, January 14, 1876, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His father removed from New-York to Newark, New-Jersey, his native town, about one year after the birth of his son James. When thirteen years of age, James was placed under the charge of Mr. Charles M. Davis, of Bloomfield, New-Jersey. On leaving Mr. Davis's school, he went to Mr. Maurice's Mount Pleasant Academy, at Sing Sing, New-York, where he was prepared for college. In 1859, he entered the Freshman class of Yale College, and passed two years at that institution. Thence he went, in 1861, to Williamstown, and was admitted to the Junior class of Williams College. He was graduated in the class of 1863; and, returning to Newark, commenced the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Isaac A. Nichols. He remained with Dr. Nichols about a year, and then matriculated at the

College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia College), New-York City. He received his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1866, and, in competition with some fifteen or twenty other young physicians, sought the position of House Physician of the New-York Hospital, which then stood on Broadway, opposite Pearl street. The examination was a very severe one; but Dr. Vanderpool succeeded in securing the prize, and acted for more than two years in the capacity of House Physician in that well-known institution.

In 1869, he settled in Newark, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was appointed a member of the medical staff of St. Barnabas' Hospital, chartered in 1867; but soon resigned that position, in order to accept a membership on the medical staff of St. Michael's Hospital. In 1870, he was elected brigade surgeon, with the rank of Major, on the staff of Brigadier-General Plume.

In the Summer of 1873, in company with his eldest brother, he made a trip to Europe, and visited the British Isles and a part of the Continent.

On November 29, 1874, he sailed from the port of New-York, in the barkentine "*James Condie*" (new), Captain Alexander, bound for Yokohama, Japan, with the intention of making a journey around the world for the benefit of his health. The voyage continued without extraordinary incident, until April 1, 1874, when, at 3 o'clock A. M., the barkentine struck a coral reef off the isles of Wangi Wangi, and between those isles and the island of Boeton, which lies near the large island of Celebes in the Oriental Archipelago.

The barkentine was wrecked; and the crew, including the captain, his wife and two children, and the doctor, took to the boats, and were rowed some twenty or thirty miles to a village (Kapotah) on the small island of Lombada, which they found to be inhabited by savages, who with some difficulty were persuaded to permit them to land. But, on the whole, they were kindly received by the islanders, who assigned them quarters under a large, palm-thatched fishing-shed on the beach. They were at first suspiciously watched by the barbarians, who would not suffer them to enter any of their villages.

At the end of two weeks, the shipwrecked mariners were rescued by an Italian man-of-war, a corvette, the "*Vettor Pisani*," and were carried to Amboyna, on an island of the same name, sometimes called the "*Nutmeg Isle*," in the possession of Holland. Dr. Vanderpool was courteously invited by the Commandant of the corvette, Sig. A. di Negri, to accompany him to Yokohama, and accepted the invitation as far as Hong Kong, where he took passage in the White Star Steamer "*Belgic*," for Yokohama.

He reached his destination on the 8th of July, having lost a large part of his effects by the shipwreck. While awaiting advices in Yokohama, he received the appointment of Surgeon on the first-class passenger Steamer "*Golden Age*," of the Mitsu Bishi Mail Steam Ship Company, plying between Yokohama and Shanghai; but declined the position. He soon made the acquaintance of Dr. Eldridge, the Physician-in-Chief of the Yokohama Gen-

eral Hospital; and, at his invitation, accepted the position of assistant physician at the hospital, until he could make arrangements for the future. He occupied apartments at the hospital; and, on the night of the 13th of January, 1876, about 11 o'clock, was heard to enter his room as usual. Not appearing on the morning of the 14th, a Japanese servant went to his apartment, and found him dead in his bed. He had the appearance rather of one that slept than of one who had already crossed the dark river. He was buried in the foreign cemetery on the 16th, the Rev. Mr. Miller, a missionary of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, reading the burial service of the Church of England, of which Dr. Vanderpool was a member.

On the 22d of September, the remains were exhumed, and sent to Newark, New-Jersey, by way of San Francisco. They reached their destination on the 30th of October; and, the next day, were taken to The House of Prayer, where funeral services were held, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, who had baptized Dr. Vanderpool in that Church, on the 30th of March, 1872, officiating. Afterwards, they were borne to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, and re-interred in the family vault.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE!

Journal and Letters.

The following are extracts in regular chronological order from Dr. Vanderpool's Journal, and from numerous letters written to his friends and relatives in Newark. The first letter is the one he despatched by the pilot, who took the "*James Condie*" out of the harbor of New-York:

ON BOARD "*James Condie*,"
12.30 P. M., November 29, 1874.

DEAR PARENTS:

They are just weighing anchor and setting some of the sails, preparatory to the vessel's starting off on her long voyage. A fine breeze is blowing from the North West; and, although the water is rough, the fog has entirely cleared away. All last night we lay at anchor, where father, William and Wynant left us, when they bade me good-bye.

As I now write (1.20 P. M.), the bark is fairly on her way, and is rapidly approaching the Narrows. We will soon be out on the wide ocean, and pretty rough we will find it, judging from the state of the weather in the Bay. The pilot came on board at 11 this morning; and will take the vessel out, some fifty miles. He expects to quit the ship, late in the afternoon. I can't tell "how I like it, as far as I have

got"—everything about me is so strange and unusual, that I can scarcely realize my position.

" Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea "

about expresses the state of my feelings at the present time. Some other ships are starting off at the same time as our own, taking advantage of the fine breeze which is blowing from the North North West, to put out to sea.

The steward, who is the same intelligent genius who informed father that the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn were near neighbors, told me this morning, that it was his impression that the "*James Condie*" was a lucky ship, and could pass any of the fastest ocean steamers in a fair race. Evidently, the steward's strong points are best seen in the cook's galley.

You must excuse my inditing this letter in pencil instead of in ink. I have not yet taken out my writing materials from my trunk. In fact, I have not begun to get my things settled; and cannot do so probably for some days. There are six of us to sit down to meals: the mate, the captain, his wife and two children and myself.

The order has just been given to set all sail; and in a few minutes we will be flying through the air and water at high speed.

The pilot has just come for my letter, so I must close.

With love and a "God bless you" for all, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

JAMES VANDERPOOL.

From his Journal.

December 1, 1874.

At 4 A.M., we went into the Gulf Stream. The temperature of the water was 74°, and that of the air, 50°. The wind is dying out, and it is raining. I must say something about our habits of daily life on shipboard. Breakfast is on the table at 7.30 A.M.; and we who partake of it in the cabin are supposed to be prompt in our attendance on it and the other meals, since those in the forecastle must be supplied with their food in regular season—so much on board ship depends upon promptitude and order. In the cabin, we make six at table—the Captain, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Lela and Master Rob, the first mate, (Mr. McKinney), and myself.

Towards the latter part of December, he writes:

The chief events I note in December are: Catching and eating flying-fish. These are an excellent small fish for a fry. They are somewhat bony, but sweet, tender and juicy. One of the seamen caught a dolphin, and we ate a portion of this classical fish for supper. I witnessed for the first time the beautiful spectacle of the bright and swiftly changing hues of the dying dolphin. All the prismatic colors of the rainbow flash over the quivering surface of the fish's body, as it writhes tortuously about in its final death-throes. One instant, a portion of the skin is a dark blue, which,

with electrical rapidity, is succeeded by a bright orange or yellow tinge. This gives way to a rosy shade of red; and then a wave of bright green rolls over and momentarily subdues all other hues. As death comes near at hand, the dolphin gradually assumes a dull bluish-gray color—his death hue—and soon the lovely death scene is over.

The dolphin is an excellent eating fish. The flesh is hard and firm, and a trifle inclined to be dry, but sweet—dimly reminding one of salmon. A piece of silver, generally a Spanish dollar, is placed by the regular sea-cook in the pan or pot in which the dolphin is cooked. Should it turn black, which it never does, the fish is pronounced in a poisonous condition, and is at once summarily hove overboard; but if the silver retains its brightness, the dolphin is considered to be in a healthy and edible condition.

A few days after this, the same sailor caught a *bonita*, another tropical fish, found in the same latitudes as the dolphin. The *bonita* is a fat, clumsy, unwieldy-looking member of the finny tribe; but a swift and graceful swimmer withal. The one we caught weighed about sixteen pounds. The flesh is dense and dry, and not to be compared in taste and flavor with that of his more comely neighbor, the dolphin.

Sometimes a large flock of flying fish would dart from the water, presenting a beautiful resemblance to a flight of bright, silvery-plumaged birds. When they rise from the ocean in such numbers, it is very probable that they are seeking refuge by an aerial flight from the pursuit of their dreaded and ravenous enemies, the dolphins or bonitas. The flying-fish is a warm-water fish, and is never found far from the tropics. They are easily captured by exposing a bright lantern over the ship's side on a dark night. They are attracted by the brilliant glare, as moths are by a candle's flame, and fly at it. Many in this way land upon the deck, and being unable to rise, are easily taken. By this simple method, we have

secured several nice messes of this peculiar fish for breakfast. The so-called wings of the flying-fish are nothing but its enlarged bronchial fins. It can sustain itself in the air but a short time by means of these wings, and flies close to the surface, and almost invariably to windward.

The bark left port greatly overloaded. Constructed to carry 1,000 tons, she was laden with 1,100; and, instead of drawing $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, her full allowance, she draws nearly 18 feet. Consequently, she is too low in the water, has lost her proper buoyancy, comports herself in a heavy, loggy manner; and, in a heavy sea, her decks are almost constantly deluged. On the 31st of December, the captain, in order to give his ship some relief, hove overboard about 50 tons of her cargo, consisting of kerosene-oil in boxes, each box weighing 84 lbs. This eased her; but, on a future occasion, it was found necessary to jettison a yet larger portion of her cargo.

Before reaching and while sailing in the tropics, we were grievously retarded in our progress towards the line by many calms and baffling winds. Some days, we lay helpless as a log, a scorching tropical sun, almost in the very zenith, darting down his fiery, perpendicular rays upon us, as we sluggishly lay rolling in the swell of the sea, and lazily drifting in its currents,

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

On other days, we lay becalmed in showers. We were thirty-nine days in reaching the Equator, which we crossed January 7, 1875, in Long. 28° 35′ W. Near the line, we first saw the Southern Cross, that beautiful constellation, consisting of four stars of great brilliancy (three of them of the first magnitude), in the form of a cross, 70° S. E. of Sirius, in the neighborhood of the South Pole. Near this constellation are the Magellan clouds, two large nebulous clusters.

Impelled by the trade winds, we sailed along blithesomely enough. The direction of these winds is from the North East, North of the Equator; and from the South East, South of that line. They are separated from one another by a region of calms, where thick, foggy air prevails, with frequent rains, accompanied by thunder and lightning (the Doldrums). The "trades" generally extend more to the North than to the South of the line. In breadth, they vary between three and ten degrees. They elicited the astonishment of the early navigators, and were considered among the inexplicable mysteries of Creation; but now, by careful, scientific investigation, they are found to be amenable to the inviolable laws of Nature; and the navigator pursues his trackless journey with perfect confidence, under the benign influence of extended knowledge.

The "trades" extend over that portion of the earth's surface which is heated by a tropical sun, and the air, becoming rarified and expanded, causes a current to set in from either icy pole towards the line.

On February 10th, 1875, we met the American ship "*Sapphire*," from Cardiff to Batavia, and indulged in quite a long chat with her, by means of the variously colored flags and pennants employed at sea for conversational purposes. After learning one another's longitude, as calculated by each vessel, and exchanging mutual wishes for a prosperous voyage, we separated, and went on our respective courses.

In the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope (which we doubled on the 8th of February), we fell in with the first albatross we had yet seen. I had heard much of this great sea-bird, and the impressions I had formed of it derived their depth and color chiefly from reading in my younger days Coleridge's weirdly beautiful poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." In this remarkable ballad, the sacred character of the albatross and the superstitious veneration with

which it was formerly regarded by seamen, and the fearful disasters which befell the ship and her crew, in consequence of the ruthless slaying of one of these birds by a sailor—are vividly described. This noble bird occupies the same proud position among his fellow sea-birds as does the lordly eagle among the feathered tribes on *terra firma*. He is a very king of marine birds. His outstretched pinions frequently measure from eleven to fourteen feet from tip to tip; and in the strongest gales he sweeps majestically over the foaming billows, skimming over them, and often grazing their spray-covered summits—for hours, apparently without moving his enormous wings. He can fly in the teeth of the fiercest wind; and can also alight and swim upon the surface of the water, with the ease and gracefulness of a swan. The eyes of the albatross are dark and beautiful, with a singularly mild and soft expression. These birds readily approach a ship to pick up the bits of fat pork or pieces of bread thrown over to them; and are frequently captured by means of a large fish-hook, baited with a tough piece of pork.

The 31st of January was made memorable by our capture of a large, female albatross. I say "our," because I assisted the others in effecting the capture. It was a calm evening, scarcely a ripple roughening the smooth ocean. The poor bird was lured to the vessel's stern, by means of the tempting bait of a piece of pork fastened to a hook; and was then transfixed by a "grain" (harpoon), hurled by one of the sailors. This albatross measured eight and a half feet across the wings. I secured one of the long, slender, hollow wing-bones, so much prized for pipe-stems, as a trophy. I also succeeded at various times in catching several Mother Carey's chickens. They are a very pretty little bird, with lovely black eyes, and long, black, slender legs, terminated by web feet.

About one month out, after I had become partially adapted

to my strange mode of life on shipboard, I commenced the study of Navigation, in an *amateur* sort of way. I acquired a fair knowledge of plain, parallel and middle latitude sailing, with a general idea of great circle sailing, and also of nautical astronomy. Then I learned the use of the sextant, and became skilful enough in the employment of this instrument to get a pretty accurate altitude of the sun. After a while, I found I was able to ascertain tolerably well a ship's latitude and longitude, her course, departure, etc. It is not a difficult science to master—in fact, just hard enough to give its acquirement a spice and zest. Nearly all the problems likely to arise in navigating a ship can be solved by a careful inspection of the right tables in the proper mathematical works, especially in the Nautical Almanac, published annually at Greenwich.

I found an old Spanish grammar in the Captain's cabin, and tackled that. I wanted to attain to a sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language—one of the most magnificent in the world—to enable me at least to read it. I found it not a difficult tongue to learn; but to study any language without the aid of a master is a laborious task. One has an uneasy feeling, that he is not learning correctly step by step, as he advances. This is especially the case in regard to the pronunciation. * * * * * * *

How very disagreeable it is writing at sea on such an inconvenient table as I am forced to use, with a great rim, two inches high, all around its edge.

* * * * * * *

I had quite a practice among the ship's crew. Among other patients, I had the second mate, a good specimen of a New-York bummer, who feigned a severe illness, kept his berth, and sent for me. But I had seen a good deal of

"sojering" at the old New-York Hospital, and I soon saw into his little game. I applied an enormous blister over his entire abdomen. He made a rapid recovery.

THE OCEAN.

To thoroughly appreciate sea-life, one must take a long voyage in a sailing-vessel.

How mistaken are they who call the sea monotonous. I think the aspect of the ocean is never precisely the same on different occasions. It varies unceasingly in motion, in color, in expression, in lustre.

Between the ocean in a tempest, when

"hills of seas, Olympus high,"

rise and fall in endless succession, and when the winds "take the ruffian billows by the top," "curling their monstrous "heads, and hanging them with deafening clamour in the "slippery shrouds," when all is gloom, wild tumult and commotion, and the ocean in a state of perfect calm—its glassy surface of unruffled smoothness, spread out like a vast mirror—the contrast is indeed immense. But, between these two radically opposite conditions—themselves never exactly alike in every particular—there intervenes an endless, graduated series of changes in appearance, very often impossible to describe, but which do not escape the observation of one who loves to study the features of the mighty deep.

As only the skilled eye of affection is able to detect and understand those minute shades of expression in the familiar features of the loved one; can alone perceive the faint quivering of the lip, the dim shadow of the frown that scarcely darkles the uncontracted brow, the momentary scintillation of the light that flashes from the eye, the repressed shrug of the shoulders, or the half-checked toss of the head—none of which a less interested observer would notice: so it is only

he who has gazed long and often upon the beautiful and sublime visage of the eternal ocean, has intelligently noted its differing moods and their external denotements—who is capable of appreciating those endless minuter variations of aspect, which elude the careless or superficial observer, who pronounces the ocean dull and monotonous.

The great multitude and variety of the epithets bestowed upon Neptune's domain, descriptive of one or more of its innumerable characteristics, prove the number of different impressions its versatility makes on different minds.

To mention a few of these titles, some of them sublimely expressive, will recall to the memory many others. Old Æschylus (was it not?), in his "*Prometheus Vinctus*," employed that imperishable figure, representative of the ocean in one of its sunny, dimpling moods:

"*pontiōn te kumatōn*
anerithmon gelasma,"

the countless laughter of the waves of the sea.

These words are a beautiful poem in themselves—an exquisite onomatopœia, which paints graphically the aspect of ocean when its sparkling waves are merrily dancing in the joyous sunlight. Homer often speaks of "the loud sounding sea," "the earth-shaker." Shakspeare writes of "the cradle of the rude, imperious surge," "Neptune's salt-wash." Then we hear of "the trackless main," "the sparkling brine," "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," "the deep blue ocean," "the marbled ocean," (*Homer*), "the fickle ocean," "the treacherous ocean," "the briny deep," (*Shak.*), "the wide sea," "the never quiet ocean," "the tossing sea," "the cruel waves," "illimitable ocean," (*Milton*) "breezy deep," (*Pope*), &c., &c. Indeed, old Ocean ever speaks a varied language to him who loves to hold converse with him, and to view his majestic face with love and reverence and awe.

March 14, 1875.

I shall never forget the afternoon of this memorable Sunday, or the novel and deep emotions I then experienced. About 5 o'clock P.M., for the first time in over a hundred days, I once more had a view of land, and inhaled its delicious, indescribable odor. At that hour, the clouds, which all day had obscured the horizon off our port side, cleared away, and we saw the dim, mountain outlines of the islet of Panditti and the island of Lombok, distant forty miles. Between the latter and Sumbawa lie Allas Straits, about twenty miles wide, through which our vessel intends to sail into the Oriental Archipelago. The long, long voyage I had made was an excellent preparative for this first sight of mother earth. The almost measureless watery waste that separated me from my western home seemed like a page of existence, void and blank. Here then at last, after crossing the vast gulf that rolls between me and the United States, lie before my eyes the golden Indies. How many a bold navigator has lost his life in endeavoring to reach those shores, whose dim outlines I now perceive. Of what crimes, bloodshed, rapine have those enchanting islands been the theatre—occasioned by man's insatiable greed and lust of gold!

These were some of the confused thoughts which crowded one another in my mind this evening, as I gazed upon the faintly-seen island of Lombok. I never knew what it was to love the land until to-day. There was something almost ecstatic in the thought that it was visible and so close at hand. "A life on the ocean wave," I think, is chiefly beautiful and valuable, because it heightens one's appreciation of the far higher, nobler life on the blessed earth. I can sympathize with the impulsive feelings, which led Columbus and his followers to kneel down and embrace their mother earth, from whom they had been separated so long, when they first landed in the New World.

March 17, 1875.

We have been sailing Westerly along the South coast of Sumbawa since morning, and have only made about fifty miles. We must be not far from Allas Straits. As we coast along this bluffy and precipitous shore, we enjoy some charming views of coast scenery. The hills are covered with verdure from the beach to their very summits. We caught a fine glimpse of the volcano of Tambora, whose cone-shaped peak rears itself high above the surrounding summits; and, when visible through the hazy shroud that envelops it, forms the marked feature in the prospect. This volcano, situated on the North side of the island, in 1815, burst out in a terrible eruption. Fire and ashes destroyed almost utterly the vegetation of the entire island; and the wretched natives perished by thousands from starvation. The ashes and scoriæ vomited forth from the crater darkened the air at a distance of more than four hundred miles from the scene of desolation. Since that direful occasion, the mountain has remained in a state of quiet; and in calm majesty towers benignantly above its harmless companions.

On the North portion of the island of Lombok, is another volcano. It is extinct, or, at least, has been so for centuries. To-night, the sun set in golden magnificence over the western range of hills, which limit the island of Sumbawa in that direction. The transcendent glory of the regal departure of the God of Day completely baffles my feeble powers of description. I simply record it as another of the bewilderingly beautiful tropical sunsets that have ravished my vision and soul, during this voyage.

"Come watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
In yonder West: the fair, frail palaces,
The fading Alps and archipelagoes
And great cloud-continents of sun-set seas."

Nature in all her manifestations is so lavish of her power and beauty—is so grandly and wantonly exuberant among

her favorite tropics—that to one reared under colder skies, she is awfully, painfully impressive.

Buckle, in his incomparable work, *The History of European Civilization*, from this fact of the overwhelming displays of force that Nature makes in tropical climes, has drawn some startling conclusions as to the baneful effects such exhibitions produce upon the mental, physical and political organization of their inhabitants. They are overawed into a condition of abject degradation and superstition. In the presence of this unseen, irresistible, beautiful, and yet, sometimes, devastating power, they have a morbidly acute consciousness of their own insignificance and helplessness; and, in slavish terror, they fall prostrate before it.

March 18, 1875.

We are still experiencing all the horrors of a calm in the torrid zone. Five days becalmed under a burning, vertical sun—languidly rising and falling with the long swell of the ocean, within a few miles of the coast, sometimes on our port, sometimes on our starboard side, now ahead, now astern, as the bark lazily shifts her position in the changing currents—breathing the hot, heavy, moisture-laden, lifeless air of the burning zone. Of what eternal length seem the moments! How long, the long, weary days! No wind from day to day; but every day

"The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts,
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the East,
The blaze upon the waters to the West:
Then the great stars that globe themselves in heaven,
The hollow, bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise,"

but no wind. Here we wait, off this rugged coasted isle, whose

"Mountains are wooded to the very peak,"

and where

"All round the coast the languid air doth swoon,
A plaything of the elements,"

sadly realizing the truth that man is

"Servile to all the skyey influences."

O weather,

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble"

The great beauty and usefulness of the science of navigation have forcibly impressed themselves upon my mind, and elicited my warmest admiration, in the course of this voyage over the illimitable waste of waters. Through the trackless ocean, for a distance of 15,000 miles, we have found our way to the little narrow strait between Lombok and Sumbawa, which formed our objective point.

PROFANITY AMONG SAILORS.

One disagreeable peculiarity, which has often forced itself upon my notice, is a disposition among seamen to the most frightful profanity. The slightest provocation will evoke from the lips of an old tar a mighty torrent of invectives and expletives, which fairly freeze the blood of one only used to the ordinary modes of swearing. When sail is to be shortened, or the ship to be jibed in rough weather, or if any of the more arduous labors in the vessel's management are to be performed—then, in the hurry and excitement of the work, are the flood-gates of blasphemy wide opened; and fearful oaths, dreadful objurgations and terrific curses resound on all sides, until the very atmosphere looks blue and smells sulphurous.

If a luckless mariner fails to instantly understand and execute an order, bellowed out by the roaring mate, or, what is worse, if he misunderstands, and does the thing he should

not do—then is he overwhelmed by such a deluge of execrations as would utterly paralyze any one but a seaman accustomed to such frightful bursts.

Under so powerful an incentive to displays of objurgatory powers, the mate erupts like a volcano in action; and pours forth red-hot lava streams of malediction, hurls out vast, glowing masses of solid curses, scatters in every direction the blinding dust and ashes of lesser oaths, and appears to be in momentary danger of exploding into atoms, in one grand detonation of profanity. A command to haul on a rope or to "belay there," or to "pull taut," is accompanied with a fiendish yell of recommendation from the mate of the poor sailor-man's soul to a place not to be mentioned to ears polite.

To those unaccustomed to such imprecations, these frequent oaths sound truly terrifying and loathsome. The vice of swearing, like most others, loses some of its evil by being deprived of its grossness. There is an art of elegant profanity, as Bob Acres essayed to teach. But these nautical fellows are rough, uncouth and gross in all they do. Cut off for the most part from the great, busy current of human life, they are freed from the restraints, which men living together in masses impose on each other's conduct. Those who dwell in cities are compelled to do this for their own protection and comfort; but with seamen, roving in every direction over the ocean, with no settled habitation, alone in the world, with no strong ties to connect them with their fellow-men, thrown into contact with associates as rude and unpolished as themselves, no such necessity is felt to exist. Consequently, Jack Tar, while possessing many praiseworthy and amiable traits of character, is to one of a refined and sensitive taste rather a disagreeable, not to say, repulsive object.

March, 20, 1875.

Never did I think that I should live to have my patience so bitterly tried. The calm continues. For an entire week, have we been floating about, in nearly the same spot, imprisoned within wooden walls, seeking to enter Allas Straits. It is the most trying of positions in which one can be placed. The pen fails to give even a faint conception of the terrible irritation produced on one's nerves by a calm at sea, under an equatorial sun. But "break my heart, for I must hold my peace." Words avail nothing. * * *

MARINE DISHES.

There are some dishes peculiar to marine bills of fare, of which I should probably have remained in blissful ignorance, had I not undertaken this voyage. These culinary phenomena are never visible, I think, on land. They exist solely on board ship. From time immemorial, these gastronomic productions of the "cook's galley" have been held in high esteem by the sons of Neptune. None but the nautically trained palate can fully appreciate the gustatory charms of these delicious viands—to the terrene general they are *caviare*. They suit not the uninitiated landlubber.

I will endeavor to describe these mysterious alimentary compounds.

I mention first "*scouse*"—not because I consider it as leading in excellence: for where merit is so exalted, such a distinction might appear invidious—but for the reason that this article of diet pertains exclusively to the first meal of the day. It is a breakfast food. Scouse is prepared as follows: Sliced potatoes are commingled with small bits of fat pork and a few shreds of the remnants of yesterday's ham or corned beef. A "hard tack" or two is broken into pieces and added, and the whole is stewed together. Put in

salt and pepper *ad libitum.* There, "isn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?"

Next we have "*duff*"—marine manna—the old Salt's ambrosia. Duff is a dessert. It is assigned its regularly appointed days, when it makes its appearance upon the festal board; and Jack looks forward to "duff-day," with as eager and bright anticipations as the enraptured swain to the trysting time with his lady-love. Abolish duff and duff-days, and the sunshine of the sailor-man's life would be darkly clouded. Duff is the all potent smoother of the many bitter asperities of his laborious existence. What the roast beef and mutton of old England is to the stalwart Briton; what the simple, unstimulating maccaroni is to the son of bright Italia; what his plain boiled rice is to the frugal Asiatic, the indigestible buckwheat cake to the lank child of Columbia, the indispensable tuber to the Hibernian, the gutted bologna to the Teuton, the hinder extremities of the batrachian to the Gaul—all that and more is duff to an old Tar. Yet this so wonderfully beloved viand is most unpretending in the simplicity of its manufacture. Some flour, a small modicum of shortening (raising powder), water, and a few dried currants or raisins, boiled together in a tin vessel, constitute this admired article of dessert. It is eaten with a sauce or with molasses—black and pungent. So much for duff.

March 22, 1875.

Last night we anchored in sixteen fathoms of water, about two miles off the shore of Lombok.

This morning, I descended the ship's side by the man-ropes into the small boat, and we were soon pulling briskly towards the verdure-clad shores of Lombok. Just before reaching the land, we passed through a little flotilla of native fishing catamarans. The beautiful brown-colored occupants

of the same expressed not the slightest concern at the sudden appearance among them of the strangers from the West; nor did they interrupt for a moment their arduous piscatorial employments. With lower lips thrust out, and with mouths filled with colossal quids of chewing tobacco, they greeted us with looks of lofty disdain. We found good, fresh water in the river, which in this spot mingles its waves with the ocean.

March 28, 1875.

For the past four dismal days, we have again been suffering all the agonies of a tropical calm in the Flores Sea. We have been slowly drifting along the South-Eastern borders of the groups of islets called the Pater Nosters. The sea is literally as smooth as glass. The heat is overpowering, the thermometer marking 95° in the shade. I have never known until now what it was to suffer from hot weather.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

While I confess my liability to be considered the tedious teller of a twice-told tale, in commenting upon the features of a region so frequently visited, and about which so much has been ably written, yet the wondrous beauty of what I see compels some utterance of my thoughts.

The pleasure derived from a view of these enchanting "Gardens of the Sun," these chosen seats of Arabian fable, is greatly heightened by the contrast they present to the weary waste of waters of the eternal ocean, which has palled upon the eye of the voyager who has passed tedious months upon its bosom, ennuied, almost to death, for one glimpse of blessed mother Earth.

Whether the curious group of a thousand isles is the débris of a vast continent, riven in pieces by volcanic or other telluric forces; whether it is composed of the visible mountain summits of a continent, the lowlands of which have been deluged; or whether the platform of the Archipelago is gradually rising towards the sea level, are questions for scientific discussion.

The latter explanation seems preferable, and is supported by the fact, that the growth of many islands is daily and visibly progressing. This growth is either from enlargement of their sea margins by decaying vegetation, or a carrying up of a series of structures by submarine architecture, which become clothed with verdure, as soon as they meet the atmosphere. The situation of the Indian Archipelago is between Longitude 95° and 135° East. At certain seasons of the year, devastating hurricanes occur in and near the Straits of Molucca; but the islands of the interior of the Archipelago lie in a region of almost perpetual calm. Of the main approach, through the Straits of Sunda, we did not avail ourselves, as, in consequence of the South West Monsoon, just now prevailing, it was more advantageous to enter through Allas Straits, between the Islands of Lombok and Sumbawa.

The Indian Ocean rolls its mighty waters through many channels between Australia and the shores of the Asiatic continent into the yet vaster Pacific. Where it flows over the Equator, it is studded by these splendid islands, and clusters of islets, famed in Eastern story as the "Islands of the Blessed." They constitute the Oriental Archipelago, and form, in extent, the largest archipelago on the globe, containing an area of five million of square miles. The most renowned and civilized nations of Asia encircle it, and make it their highway of maritime traffic. On the East, is China, distant only a few days' sail. The Red Sea can be

reached in from two to three weeks. Favorable winds make the distance, in time, from Hindostan, only a little over ten days. Europe is ninety, and Western America only fifty, days off. The riches and splendor of the Indian Archipelago have induced, in the remotest periods of maritime research, the voyager to venture on its exploration. Not including New Guinea, it contains within its limits the two islands, Borneo and Sumatra, of the first class, one of the second (Java), with the Malay peninsula of equal extent, and many others of minor dimensions, Celebes, Luzon, the Phillipine, and the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. The majority of these possess navigable rivers, extensive alluvial tracts, and immense natural riches. The clusters of islets are dispersed over narrow seas, with the larger islands intervening. The navigator in these waters encounters innumerable channels and passages, intricate, tortuous, abounding in rocks, reefs and shoals. The navigation, though difficult, is rendered less dangerous by the prevailing serenity of the weather, and the steadiness of the winds. From the broad and angry ocean, our vessel glided through the Straits upon calm waters, on every side limited by green shores, except where narrow seas and channels seem to lead into other archipelagoes. It has been observed, that a ship might be months sailing round one island, while, in other parts, it might pass through several groups in a day. As soon as one shore recedes from view on the left, the eye is greeted by visions of innumerable coasts on the right.

As a famous traveler has observed, "No where on the "globe is a scene so wonderful displayed, as that revealed "to the navigator of the Indian Archipelago. It seems a "magical confusion of land and sea, islands innumerable "appearing over the horizon, and multiplying as he pro-"ceeds." The luxuriousness and beauty of the vegetation one beholds among these isles are amazing. There prevails

a perpetual bloom and freshness in these tropical forests of unfading green. The atmosphere of equatorial warmth, yet continually charged with moisture and purified by winds, is so fecundating, that the coral turret scarcely appears above the surface of the sea before it becomes a floating basket of flowers. Even the granite rocks and the volcanic coasts are wrapped in eternal green. Countless birds, of wondrous plumage, red, blue, gold, with metallic lustre, but with no sweet music in their voices, and a parasitical vegetation, fantastic, entangled with beautiful flowers, are found in the dense forests.

The woods of these islands are the homes of those most beautiful of birds, called by Pliny, *discolores maxime et inenarrabiles*, the birds of paradise. Fable reports these to be the messengers of God, whose flight is toward the Sun, but overcome by the perfumed atmosphere of the Indian isles, they fall earthward, and are captured by human hands.

In contemplating the singular natural features of this most beautiful region, of the splendor of which the fancy of a Northern reader can scarcely conceive, I can best employ the words of another, who says: "Nature, which, in other "parts of the world, secretes her beauty, has here ungirdled "herself, and given her wild and glowing charms in all "their fulness to the eye of day."

The climate of these regions is not congenial or conducive to the health of an American or European. The population is diversified. Originally, the Malays drove out the Aborigines, but there is now a mixture of foreign races—Hindus, Chinese, Persians, Japanese, Dutch, Portuguese, English, &c. The sight of the trading vessels in the Archipelago is remarkable and striking. The huge and heavily freighted junk of China, the painted galley of Cochin, the prahu of the Malay, and English, Arabian, and other vessels

may be seen passing and re-passing in all directions. Some are slowly making their way from port to port, others stealthily creeping along the shores, and all contributing to a succession of curious and characteristic scenes, which attract the voyager's eye. In religion, the Crescent is triumphant over the Cross, for the following reasons: By a politic concession to the Hindu prejudices of the Malayan race, the dominant one on the islands at the time, the early Mohammedans acquired, and still hold, the highest place in their estimation. The minds of the inhabitants were closed against Christianity by this substitution of the religion of the Prophet for Hinduism. The proselyte, as is always the case, became the bigot. The Malay relinquished one religion, and could not easily be persuaded, that he had only exchanged one form of error for another. Mohammedanism was firmly estabished by the Arabian missionaries before any European navigator had penetrated to these regions.

When these islanders beheld, and so terribly suffered from, the effect of the rapacity, the perfidy, and cruelty of the early Dutch, Portuguese and Spanish Christian explorers and traders in the Archipelago, they saw little reason for a change of faith.

March 31, 1875.

To-day we are sailing through the Flores Sea, under full sail and with a fresh breeze. On our port side, the island of Kambillan is visible. Further on, we pass by the island of Boeton, behind which is Moena, located at the South-Eastern corner of the large island of Celebes. When we pass the East Cape on this island, we will bear to the North East; and, going between Wangi Wangi and the coast, will enter the Molucca Sea. The navigation of these seas is most difficult and perplexing. In addition to the fact that

rocks, shoals and reefs abound in great numbers, their exact extent and locality are but imperfectly known; and the charts and sailing directions for these perilous latitudes are consequently sadly defective.

The moon does not rise to-night until 2 or 3 A.M. The heavens are thickly overcast with clouds, and the night, as was the previous one, is intensely dark. The wind blows strong from the West, and, with all sails set, we are dashing swiftly through the water and the darkness. Just before retiring to-night, I looked at the chart, and could not help noticing with how many dangers we were begirt. Captain Alexander is a perfect stranger to these waters; and here we are, sailing at full speed, on a dark night, surrounded by so many frightful dangers. When I went to bed to-night, I felt just the least shade of uneasiness, for nearly the first time during this voyage.

April 1, 1875.

This morning, about 3 o'clock, I was awakened out of a troubled and feverish sleep by a sound, one of the most awful that can affright the ears of a mariner. I perceived that the ship was no longer moving through the water. The noise was a harsh, grating one, accompanied by a rapid succession of vibrations, which shook the vessel from stem to stern. I immediately arose, and a few moments sufficed for the completion of my toilet, which was then almost made: for I had lain down the previous night almost dressed, and oppressed with dark forebodings. I ascended to the quarter-deck by the after companion-way, and immediately comprehended our critical position. Looking down over the port side of the ship, about eight feet below the surface, I perceived a white, glistening bed of coral. A few yards ahead, off the port bow, one could see and hear

the angry breakers tumbling over the treacherous reef, which had ensnared our bark in its adamantine toils. She was slightly careened over to starboard, on which side the depth of water was about ninety fathoms.

In a short time, the rudder began to scrape harshly on the rocky bottom, and many pieces of the keel, worn away by attrition over the rough coral, could be seen tossing on the waves about the ship. There existed still a chance, a small one to be sure, to extricate the vessel from her frightful position, by taking advantage of a favorable change of wind, and getting her off the reef. But all hopes of saving the bark were extinguished by a short but terrific squall, which, setting in from the South West, drove the craft further upon and wedged her more firmly into the coral wall, upon which she had struck. After this, she leaned heavily over to starboard—her bottom was stove in in many places—she began to fill—the masts began to sway horribly to and fro, and seemed in momentary danger of falling—and nothing remained, but to pack up, as quickly as possible, clothing, provisions, bedding, &c., and, abandoning the unfortunate bark to her fate, to take to the small boats. We hastily collected our necessary effects; what stores and provisions were deemed essential were placed in the boats; and, about 10.20 A.M., seven hours after we struck the reef, we were pulling away from the "*James Condie*" towards the to us unknown shores of a group of low-lying, wooded islands off our port quarter, apparently about fifteen or twenty miles distant.

It seems that the Captain, in endeavoring to avoid the reef off Boeton—a strong current setting in from the North West—was driven out of his course on to another reef environing Wangi Wangi, and known as the Camboda reef. About 6 P.M., we arrived at a village, called Kapotah, on an island (Lombada), opposite Wangi Wangi.

There are on this island several villages, surrounded by high walls. As the boats were nearing the shore, the natives collected in groups, to the number of two or three hundred. The men were all armed with spears or other weapons; and the Chiefs, of whom there were several, wore short iron swords. None of the arms seemed of foreign manufacture. The Chiefs approached our shipwrecked party; and, by means of gestures, were made to understand that the vessel of the strangers had been lost.

We were thereupon well received by the natives, who assigned us quarters under a roomy, palm-thatched fishing-shed on the beach; but we were not allowed to enter the village itself, which was surrounded by a wall, about eight feet high, composed of pieces of scoriæ, volcanic rock, coral, &c. A convenient portion of the shed was screened off for the accommodation of Mrs. Alexander and the children. I laid down on the hard boards, amid the ceaseless talking and mutterings of a hundred naked savages, who remained in and around our shed all night. Overcome by fatigue, I soon fell asleep.

April 2, 1875.

This morning, the Captain, the first mate and most of the men went off in the long boat to visit the wreck, and to secure some of the effects and provisions which had been left behind yesterday. With the steward and one of the men, I remained on shore to guard Mrs. Alexander and the children, and to prevent the pilfering of our stores by the islanders.

Soon after we had quitted the wreck, it was visited by some of the natives in their "*prahus.*" They stole much clothing and other effects; and many of the wretches are now strutting around, clothed in some of Union Adams' best shirts—at my expense.

During the whole day, we were ceaselessly stared at and commented upon by curious groups of dusky savages. But, on the whole, the natives treated us with kindness. They brought us cocoa-nuts, and we enjoyed an abundance of the delicious fluid they contained. We also had a fair share of bananas and other tropical fruit. Captain Alexander and the crew returned from the wreck, late at night, bringing many articles—among them, my trunk.

April 3, 1875.

I made the acquaintance to-day of Kambesi, one of the native Chiefs; and endeavored to learn from him some of the language of the islanders.

(There is quite a long vocabulary of the names of familiar objects in the Doctor's Diary.)

On the 10th of April, the Captain and I started off on an excursion, intending to go to the town of Vulio. We stopped at Mendati, on the opposite island of Wangi Wangi, got acquainted with the Rajah, and were invited to partake of his hospitality. He promised to send us boats to-morrow, to carry us and our effects to Vulio; and so we returned to Kapotah. In the afternoon, I received a present of a fine fat buck kid from Kambesi, which was immediately slaughtered by that affable heathen and some of his chocolate-colored comrades. A part of the carcass fried for supper proved excellent eating, and especially grateful after our long abstinence from fresh meat.

The barbarians, among whom our destiny has driven us, are below the medium height, frailly built, with generally good faces. Their noses have broad bases and are somewhat flattened. They have full lips, straight foreheads, of medium extent, large eyes, generally of a soft, childlike expression, and inclined, in some instances, to protrude. Their hair is black, and not very coarse, straight, and, in

some cases, curly. Their heads are of average size, flat at the occiput and peaked at the posterior summit. They have smooth and glossy chocolate or coffee-colored skins. There is no obesity among them. They are, on the whole, a very moral set. Licentiousness and inebriety, those two titanic vices, are here unknown; and the same remark is true of Wangi Wangi, Mendati and Leeah.

The natives manifested a strong desire to learn something of foreign countries. They explained, that Dutch steamers occasionally passed near the islands. Several of the men suffered from dysentery; but, fortunately, medicines had been saved from the wreck; and, under the treatment which I advised, the disease was arrested.

Captain Alexander thought it best to endeavor to reach Macassar, about two hundred miles away; and accordingly arranged with the Chiefs to supply him with five "*prahus*" or boats, to carry the party and what provisions and effects had been saved to that port.

April 13, 1875.

This morning, I took a trip in the long boat to Leeah, with Captain Alexander and a part of the crew. Arrived there, we found a *prahu* getting ready for us. Returning, we found the Rajah of Vulio awaiting us; and I had the honor of prescribing a bottle of "Jayne's Expectorant" for a bronchial affection with which his Majesty was afflicted.

April 14, 1875.

At 5 A.M., the boat returned from the wreck with the joyful news that an Italian corvette had heard of our sad plight, and was waiting outside to take us all on board. The vessel proved to be the Steamer "*Vettor Pisani*," commanded by Sig. Alberti di Negri, from Macassar to Amboyna.

Two large boats, in charge of Italian naval officers, were sent to Kapotah, and by 11½ A.M., we were all safely on board the corvette, which immediately steamed away for the wreck of the "*James Condie*," some thirty miles distant, to save the sails and rigging; after which she sailed for Amboyna. Never was more kindness shown to shipwrecked mariners, than has been exhibited to us by the Commandant and officers of the "*Vettor Pisani.*"

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On the 17th of April, the corvette dropped anchor off the city of Amboyna, on an island of the same name in the Indian Archipelago. For ten days, Dr. Vanderpool was quartered in the Dutch Military Hospital at Amboyna, the guest of the Government of Holland.

In a letter completed at Amboyna, May 7th, he writes as follows:—

None of the officers on board the "*Vettor Pisani*" can converse in English; but, of course, they all speak French. The latter is the only medium of conversation that I can employ when talking with them. I find that the three weeks' practice I have had in speaking French with the naval officers of the corvette and the Dutch officers of the garrison in Amboyna—many of whom I constantly meet—has already improved my facility in conversation.

Did time permit, I would like to give you a little sketch of Amboyna; but you will doubtless find in the Encyc. Britt., a full account of the town and its history.

In front of the open door, where I am writing these lines, are growing two beautiful nutmeg trees, with their delicious fruit hanging in profusion among the leaves. This rare tree grows nowhere in the world with the luxuriance and perfec-

tion that it does in the isle of Amboyna, which is hence sometimes called the "Nutmeg Isle." Under more propitious circumstances, I should greatly enjoy the many natural beauties of these wonderful islands.

By the polite invitation of the Commandant of the Italian corvette, the Doctor embarked on her on the seventh of May, bound for Hong Kong. In a letter dated on board that vessel, lying in the harbor of Ternate, Isle of Ternate, only 45′ North of the Equator, in Longitude 127° E., he writes as follows:

On Friday, May 7th, at 4 o'clock P.M., after bidding good-bye to Captain Alexander and family, and the friends I had made at Amboyna, I embarked in one of the "*Vettor Pisani's*" small boats for the corvette, which lay a short distance from the pier, out in the bay. The officers met me in a body, as I stepped upon the decks of the Italian man-o'-war, and extended to me, an unfortunate shipwrecked citizen of the United States, a most cordial and courteous welcome to the hospitality of the Italian Government. Half an hour later, we were steaming out of Amboyna Bay, and were soon on our course Northward towards Ternate, distant from Amboyna 375 miles, a Dutch settlement on an island of the same name, one of the Molucca group, near Gilolo, on the East side of the Molucca Straits.

We made our way through these shoal-and-reef-studded waters slowly and with caution. Constant references were made to the charts, which were entirely new and of the latest date, unlike those used on board the ill-fated "*James Condie*," which were all second or third-hand maps, and were not constructed from the latest geographical data. We passed by many of the enchanting Spice islands, verdure-clad, and

their "mountains wooded to the very peak," which gem the tranquil waters of the Oriental Archipelago; and, yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, we dropped anchor opposite the port of Ternate, in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Immediately behind the town, rises its ever-smoking volcano, which is frequently in a state of eruption. The whole region hereabouts is of a marked volcanic character; and earthquakes are often experienced. I have been lodged as well as circumstances will allow to a passenger on board a man-o'-war, where, of course, no provision is ever made for travellers. Consequently, I have to make shift, as best I can. I sleep in the general officers' cabin, in a hammock slung up there every night for my accommodation. My toilet, I have to make in the state-room of one of the officers.

His next letter was written on board the corvette, in the China Sea, and bears date, June 23d. He says:

The scenery in the vicinity of Ternate, as we steamed away from that island, was grandly beautiful. At some remote period, a vast eruption has upheaved under the equator an archipelago, of which Ternate forms an island, some miles off the Western coast of Gilolo. The gigantic cones of Ternate and Tidor elevate themselves opposite one another, crowned with craters, in the same manner as the famed isle of Stromboli.

A narrow passage separates these two immense masses of lava, whose summits are lost in the clouds, more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The volcano of Ternate, on its Northeast aspect, is entirely stripped of vegetation. Long, blackish furrows yet remain to mark the courses taken by the incandescent lava in the eruption of

1838. Perhaps there does not exist under heaven a portion of earth, where are gathered together in a space so contracted, so many natural riches as at and near Ternate. The cocoa-tree, its trunk and summit laden with nutritious fruit; the cotton tree, with its yellow flowers; the coffee plant, with its red berries—all these flourish in this volcanic soil, side by side with the orange tree, the mangoustan and the durian of Java.

In the government of the Moluccas, the Dutch retain in their own hands all the affairs of administration. The native Sultans, as *e. g.* those of Ternate and Tidor, and the Rajahs, wield a certain nominal power; and their pride is flattered by the payment into their hands of a large annual tribute.

I am told, that, about three years ago, the volcano of Ternate was in a state of eruption, for more than two months; and, that, during the disturbance, immense quantities of red-hot lava rolled in torrents down the mountain's side into the sea. The town of Ternate has been saved, on the occasion of this and prior eruptions of its neighboring volcano, from frightful destruction by the existence between them of a considerable and distinct mountain elevation, which serves as a gigantic barrier against the deadly rivers of lava.

A mixed population, as in all the European settlements in the islands of the great Archipelago, inhabit Ternate, to the number of three or four thousand. The Chinese, that wonderful people, who always manage to obtain a firm foothold where gain is to be acquired, and who, by their industry, perseverance, economy and sobriety, make their residence, no matter where it may be, profitable to themselves and to the community in which they dwell, occupy the chief business quarters of the town. The Malays have their peculiar district; and the Europeans, almost exclusively Hollanders, of course, have theirs.

The fortress, Orange-built, some two hundred years since, is occupied by a garrison of about one hundred men, and mounts two guns.

The Portuguese formerly held possession of Ternate, and, in fact, of the whole Molucca group. The ruins of several old Portuguese forts are to be seen on the different parts of the island. With a young Italian and two Dutch officers, I made one morning a very pleasant excursion to one of these interesting relics of Portugal's faded greatness.

On Thursday, May 13th, to save coal, steam was shut off, and the corvette sailed along under canvas alone. In these far-off regions, where coal is scarce and expensive, great economy and judgment in its use are required on the part of those in charge of ships of war, moved by steam power. On quitting and entering a port, the screw is required by law to be used. But at sea, as much use as possible is made of the sails. . And, as I have found by a bitter experience, going under sail in a region infected with calms is for the most part the dismallest of all dismal occupations. In the Molucca Sea, however, on the "*Vettor Pisani*," we did passably well; and, with the occasional welcome aid of the propeller, the distance between Ternate and Papua, though slowly, was not provokingly so, sailed and steamed. From the very commencement of my trip in the corvette, I was treated both by "*il Commandante*" and the officers with the greatest kindness, consideration and hospitality. I can never forget or repay the distinguished favors I have received from these warm-hearted Italians. After the strangeness of my position had somewhat passed away, and I felt more at home among these strangers, and when my health had gradually improved, after the trying experiences I had undergone, I commenced to take some enjoyment and profit out of my new life on board a man-o'-war. Of course, French is the only language spoken between the officers and myself. By

continual and forced practice, I have gradually acquired that facility in the use of this invaluable tongue, which enables me with ease to receive and to communicate ideas by its means, in my daily intercourse with those among whom I for the present live.

On Friday morning, May 21, I crossed the line for the third time, in a direction from North to South, in longitude about 133° East. About noon, the same day, from our starboard-quarter were visible in the misty distance the lofty mountain ranges of Western New Guinea.

May 22, 1875.

The "*Vettor Pisani*" anchored in Dorey Haven, near the little Papuan village of Dorey, on the large island of New Guinea—her object in visiting this out-of-the-way country being to find and succour, if need be, a Sig. Beccarré, an Italian naturalist, who had been sent out by the National Museum of Genoa, to make scientific explorations in the Oriental Archipelago and in New Guinea.

This time last year, of all the myriad places under heaven that I had ever entertained the slightest idea of visiting, New Guinea would have been considered the most wildly improbable. Who so blinded as to deny that there is some mighty Power beyond and above our control, which lays its strong hand on every deed we do. Freedom of will is a grand thought; but this is a truer and a grander one.

The only European residents at Dorey and in the few adjacent Papuan villages in this portion of New Guinea, are five Dutch missionaries, who have been sent hither by the "Utrecht Missionary Society." These missionaries have been here for nearly ten years; and, within that period, so, at least, one of them, the Rev. Mr. Van Hassel, informed me, they have converted but one Papuan. Shortly after

his conversion to Dutch Protestantism, this poor Papuan died. As this was not calculated "*pour encourager les autres*," not a single proselyte has since been made. This occurred some eight years ago.

While the vessel remained at Dorey, nearly every day, in company with some of the officers, I indulged in my favorite, loved exercise of pedestrianism, among the trackless, virgin forests of Papua. You can well imagine, how I have suffered from lack of this exercise, during the past seven months. Of course, during these excursions through the woods, we beheld with joy and surprise all the marvels of wood scenery under the line. The exuberant vegetation, the dense foliage, the strange birds of brilliant plumage, the loud, harsh humming of monstrous insects—all were to us both novel and interesting.

On the 29th of May, in company with several of the Italian officers, I paid a visit to a curious and remarkable Papuan temple, situated a short distance up the coast from the town of Dorey. It was built, like all Papuan structures, over the water, about two hundred feet from the shore, with which it was connected by means of a narrow and apparently insecure bridge. Its shape was that of a Papuan war *prahu*, or boat, with a high bow and stern; and it was supported by twelve wooden pillars, carved in the form of nude men and women. The men hold a spear in the right hand in the act of throwing it; and on the left arm is a buckler. There were also wooden human figures at the thresholds of the two door-ways of the temple. I found that the interior of this temple, when I visited it on a subsequent occasion, contained on its woodwork numerous curious and fantastic representations. The figures had evidently at one time been painted, but the paint had worn off. I was informed that there were two or three other temples similar to this one, in the neighborhood of Dorey. They are dedicated to the Creator of Life.

The inhabitants of this part of New Guinea consist of two distinct classes or divisions—the Papuans, who live on the sea-coast, and those who reside among the neighboring mountains, called the Alfak mountains. These differ in their personal appearance, character, habits and religious belief. Those who reside on the coast are of medium size, well-built, stout and muscular. Their colour is of almost negro blackness; and in feature they resemble the African race. The nose is broad and flattened; but does not present the wide expanded nostrils of the negro. The lips are moderately large and thick, and the mouth rather larger than the medium size. The eyes are protuberant, round, open and expressive of good humor, friendliness and peace. The hair is black and woolly, or, rather, fleecy; and the favorite method of wearing it is long and brushed up straight from the head—"each particular hair on end." They take great pride in this bushy *chevelure*, which they often transfix with a peculiarly shaped and rather pretty comb, made of bamboo. The head is well-shaped and entirely unlike that of the negro. The dress of the men approaches, as nearly as any dress can, the simple, original fig-leaf—merely a very narrow cincture of coarse cloth around the loins. The women wear a scant, loosely flowing robe of the same material. The Papuans of the coast, like the pre-historic lacustrine aborigines of the Swiss lakes, live in houses built over the water on bamboo piles, one hundred feet or more from the shore. A narrow and frailly constructed foot-bridge, about eighteen inches wide, made of the ever useful bamboo, spans this distance, and affords a dangerous and treacherous mode of ingress and egress, except to trained Papuan feet, to the bamboo, cocoa-thatched, many-chambered domicile. Why do these Papuans thus construct their dwellings over the water? I could not obtain a satisfactory reply to this oft-repeated interrogatory. Among other reasons assigned by the Dutch

missionaries here, were the great facility for domestic drainage offered by this system; protection from wild animals, reptiles, &c.; the avoidance of the unhealthy night air under the dense foliage of the forest, impregnated with malaria—the natives not having the proper instruments with which to hew down the trees, &c. Whatever may be the cause, the coast inhabitant of New Guinea, with his wife, concubines and children, from the earliest ages, have tenanted these supramarine structures.

The Papuan of the coast is of a kindly and peaceable disposition—in this respect contrasting greatly with his ferocious congener of the mountain—until he becomes enraged, and then the latent, savage cruelty of his nature is at once manifested. They have but one legal wife, and but few children, about two or three in each family, the number being kept reduced to the comfortable limits which comport with economy by artificial means. The Papuan has slaves to work for him, smokes cigarettes, occasionally has terrific sprees on *saki*, and lives at ease and in plenty; for Nature bountifully supplies to these people provisions from her choicest stores. The religious belief of the Papuans is a simple, pure, modern Spiritualism.

They hold converse by means of sounds, signs and various observances, with the spirits of their ancestors. These shades are their guardian genii. They are not adored or worshipped, but appealed to as beings in a higher and happier sphere. Sometimes, these ghosts of the departed dead are rudely symbolized in figures of stone and wood. The following Papuan legend is probably also connected in some way with the religious belief of this strange people:

Ages ago, so runs the tradition, firmly believed in by every Papuan, all the inhabitants of New Guinea were white. In those far-distant times, on an island about eighty miles to the North of Dorey, whose name I forget, there

lived a wise and great man named Mangoondah. He had an only child, a daughter, young, beautiful and of stainless virtue. The father had received mysterious premonitions, that this virgin daughter would some day give birth to a son, without the aid of any of mankind. Some time after, this virgin did in fact miraculously conceive and give birth to a son. The young infant grew to manhood, and was noted for his great strength and beauty, for his wisdom, and for his wonderful skill in the use of the bow and spear. When he had arrived at man's estate, he began to teach the Papuans, going about to their various villages, and endeavoring to inculcate the precepts of virtue.

He also healed the sick, and even, so the legend runs, raised the dead. He was much beloved by the people, but when he told them, that he was the Son of God, who made all Papua and the Papuan race, they refused to believe him. No means that he could employ would induce the people to credit his Divine paternity. Finally, this Son of Mangoondah—the Great Prophet, the natives term him—ascended bodily into heaven. Just before his departure, he told the Papuans, that, as a punishment for their disbelief in him, they should, on his ascension, become suddenly black, and should continue so, until his re-appearance among them, which would surely occur at some distant epoch. The Papuans still confidently expect his coming, and hope some day to be all white once more, with plenty to eat and drink, and no more work to do. This constitutes the Papuan Millennium. The similarity between this tradition and the Christian Gospel is very evident. At what period it was derived therefrom, it is of course impossible to say.

* * * * * * *

Of the natives who inhabit the mountains, I could learn but little. They are of ferocious, war-like tempers, and are

greatly feared by the peaceful dwellers on the coast. Their complexion is much lighter than that of the latter people, and they have hair of almost a red color. Their religion is pure, brutish fetichism of the lowest type. The Alfak mountains where they live are said to contain vast numbers of those splendid birds, so famed for their beautiful and valuable plumage, the Birds of Paradise, *burrumata*, as the Papuans call them. The Rev. Mr. Beyer, one of the Dutch missionaries I have mentioned, had in his possession no less than five living Birds of Paradise! They presented a rare spectacle, which I duly appreciated.

The paucity of inhabitants I saw in New Guinea, and the little I saw of them; the many islands I have passed by in the immense Archipelago, sparsely inhabited or utterly without inhabitants, called to my mind the lines:

"A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man—the rest a waste."

On the 6th of June, the fifteenth anniversary of the declaration of the Unity of the Italian States, made at Turin in 1860, was duly celebrated on board the corvette, which was gaily decorated with many colored flags and pennants. At noon, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, which greatly aroused the astonishment, if not the terror, of the fleecy-headed Papuans, who doubtless wondered what it was all about.

The "*Vettor Pisani*," named after a celebrated Italian Admiral, a Venetian, I think, was built at Venice in 1870, and is therefore a new vessel. She is ship-rigged, and of 1,900 tons burthen. She carries fourteen 26lb. muzzle-loading guns. Her commandant is Sig. A. di Negri, and her first officer Sig. Castolucci. The other officers are six lieutenants, an "Ingénieur-en-chef," besides "middies," "sous-officiers," "maitres d'équipage," &c. Her machinery, of

Italian manufacture, is first-class. Her total cost, if I am not mistaken, was in the neighborhood of $250,000.

He remained at Dorey until June 8th, when, at 5 A.M., the "*Vettor Pisani*" hove anchor, and steamed away for Hong Kong. In longitude 134° E., he again crossed the line, for the fourth time.

The Commandant thought at one time to stop at the Spanish city of Manila, the capital of the Philippines, but concluded not to do so—the supply of coal obtained at Dorey having proved almost worthless—and, besides, it was reported that paladial fevers were prevailing at Manila. In the afternoon of June 27th, the corvette found herself anchored in the harbor of Hong Kong; and here the Doctor took leave of her, intending to proceed in a passenger vessel to Yokohama, his destination. The same day, he attended divine service at the English Cathedral of St. John; and of this he writes as follows: "I tell you, William, it was a great relief for me, when I reached the City of Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong, to breathe once more a pure, healthy, Anglo Saxon, moral atmosphere. I don't think I ever delighted so much in the House of God, and in the beautiful service rendered in His honor, as I did on that occasion. I had been so long debarred the privilege of attending any church service, and, in the mean time, such momentous incidents had transpired in my life; and, besides all this, I had passed so many hours in the society of infidel scoffers at divine truths, that I keenly appreciated the simple, unpretentious, Anglican form of worship."

Of Hong Kong he writes:

In Victoria, usually called Hong Kong, one never walks, unless he be a Chinese or a Malay of the lower orders.

The proper thing is to take a chaise. Two Coolies, their heads shaded by immense straw hats, carry you in a chair, suspended from two long, bamboo poles, at a rapid pace through the streets. Price, twenty cents per hour. I shall not attempt to give you any idea of the beauties of the public gardens, cut in lovely terraces from the steep mountain sides, or of the "*heureuse vallée*," called "happy," because one finds there a little more shade, a little more air and freshness than elsewhere.

On the 1st of July, after four days spent in Hong Kong, he sailed in the White Star Steamer "*Belgic*" for Yokohama, distant 1,620 miles, which port he reached late in the evening of the 8th of July. He went ashore on the morning of the 9th, and put up at the French Hôtel du Louvre.

On the 21st of September, he writes:

I noticed in the Japanese Herald yesterday a brief extract from a Dutch paper, to the effect that the wreck of the bark "*James Condie*" had been sold at Sourabaya, Java, for 18,000 florins. Ill-fated ship!

(In fact, the "*James Condie*" was got off the coral reef, and "floated on her cargo" [petroleum], some 500 miles to the port of Sourabaya, where she was docked and repaired.)

I received the other day a call from one of the seamen who served on board the "*James Condie.*" He was being sent home by the United States Consul at Batavia as a distressed seaman. For some reason or other, I was a great favorite in the fo'castle on board the clipper, and all the men were ever ready to do me a favor if I desired one of them. This was partly owing no doubt to the fact, that I had done them all, at times, some little medical services.

YOKOHAMA, October 5th, 1875.

At 9.30 A. M., Sig. Zobel, a Spanish gentleman, and myself, took the train from Yokohama for Tokei (Tokio). Arrived there, we proceeded to the house of the American Minister, the Hon. John A. Bingham. I enjoyed a most agreeable call on this gentleman, and, on taking my departure, was cordially invited to repeat my visit. Thence we went to Atanga Yama, a hill of considerable height, ascended by a steep stone staircase of 86 steps. On the summit, we saw a ruined Oratory and the remains of long, covered galleries. Here also we found a tea-house, where I stood treat to tea and soda water "*aux fleurs de cerise*," a hot, sweetishly-insipid compound, which I had to force into a rebellious œsophagus. From the top of Atanga Yama, the vast city of Yeddo is revealed to view. The ramparts, moats and leafy parks of the Mikado's castle are plainly visible. The castle itself was burned, a few years ago. One sees a veritable ocean of white walls, long streets and grey roofs. Nothing interrupts the monotony of the panorama, except here and there the dark foliage of clumps of trees, or the gable of some temple. By means of a pass, obtained from Mr. Bingham, I also enjoyed the privilege of visiting the gardens, or, rather, the park of the Mikado, which is thrown open to the public provided with passes, at stated seasons. This park is vast, grand and artistically laid out. Thence I went to the temple of Shita, a fine specimen of a Buddhist place of worship.

On the 11th of October, he writes: The other day (the 6th inst.), I experienced a new and startling sensation. I was in my room in the third story of the Hôtel du Louvre, about 6.25 P.M., and was just finishing my toilet preparatory to going out to dine with a young American physician, when suddenly I heard a low, rumbling, awful noise under



me, and perceived the floor upon which I was standing to be raised upwards. It immediately fell again; and then the walls, ceiling and floor began to vibrate fearfully to and fro. I at first was tempted to make a bolt for down stairs and into the street; but I instantly reflected, that I was just as safe where I was, in case the shock should bring the house down. In a minute or two, all was over; but that minute seemed a very long one.

The number of the shocks was two—one vertical and undulatory; the second more violent, but horizontal, the direction being from East to West. The city clock and many in private houses were stopped; and vases and other objects were thrown down. It was the severest earthquake experienced in Yokohama, for sixteen years.

The sensations and expcriences during a "*tremblement de terre*" are indescribably disagreeable. One then obtains for the first time some idea of the temporary nature of mundane affairs. If the firm earth trembles, where shall we look for permanency? Then are we able to realize the full force of those lines of the mighty poet:

> **"The solemn temples, the great globe itself,**
> **Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve**
> **And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,**
> **Leave not a rack behind."**

My time at present is not passed in idleness. I am down on the books both of the Germania and English Clubs as a visitor. Both have large and well-selected libraries; and I pass two or three hours daily in the reading-rooms. Then the office of my friend, Dr. Eldridge, without doubt the best physician in Yokohama, is always open to me. He has the finest medical library in Japan. Here I pass some of my time; and, saw-bones like, we gossip over "cases" of interest. I walk much every day, and do anything rather than nothing.

The following is a copy of the last letter received from him. It bears date December 26, 1875, and was no doubt the last he ever wrote:

YOKOHAMA, December 26, 1875.

DEAR PARENTS:

As I write these lines, it is with you in Newark the 25th of December, and you are celebrating the Christmas which we in Japan observed yesterday. So, at the beginning of my letter, it will be appropriate for me to wish you all at home a "Merry Christmas." It has been a long, long time, since I have enjoyed the pleasure of being with you on this great Christian festival. My Christmas last year was passed under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, near the Equator in the South Atlantic. Here in Yokohama, the weather, at this season of the year, though cold, is not as extremely so as with those who pass the winter in the Northern States.

It freezes during the night; but, during the middle of the day and forepart of the afternoon, it is only comfortably cold.

Well, I have not much that is either novel or interesting to write you concerning myself. Nothing new has occurred in my daily life, since I last wrote, to interrupt or diversify its tedious and, at times, depressing monotony.

To tell the truth, if, when I came to Japan, I had a half-formed intention of remaining here, I could not possibly have selected a more unpropitious time to visit this country. Times are frightfully hard and tight, and there is but little money in the country.

The trade between Japan and other lands has greatly fallen off within the past two or three years. She either possesses no mineral resources, or else she stupidly refuses foreigners permission to penetrate into the interior to develop

them. Her people are poor—awfully poor. A gentleman told me, the other day, that most of the Europeans in Yokohama at present remain here, simply because they are forced to do so. If they could pull out of their different business occupations, a great many of the foreigners would gladly return to their homes. Under these depressing circumstances, I am utterly discouraged from making the attempt to practice my profession in a place, already overstocked with physicians, most of whom have been in Japan for years, know something of the language, and are familiar with the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

I could have taken, had I so wished, a position as Surgeon on one of the Steamers of the "*Mitsu Bishi*" (Japanese) line, formerly the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company, and yet managed by European directors, between Yokohama and Shanghai, [his appointment as Surgeon of the first class Steamer "*Golden Age*," dated Tokio, November 6th, 1875, was found among his papers]; but, after mature deliberation, I concluded to decline the offer. The pay was little, and the work was less. I am not altogether idle or unoccupied. I am sometimes left in charge of the Yokohama General Hospital, when the regular visiting physician is unable from pressure of business or other reasons to attend. This is, of course, a profitable and for me agreeable employment.

But, on the whole, I do not think I should ever be content to cast my lot with those who are residents of Japan. Life here is a life in the midst of semi-civilized heathen; and you can scarcely appreciate how yearningly the foreigners in this land of the rising Sun often long for their native country. I freely confess, that I would most gladly see my home again, after my long series of varied and calamitous experiences.

You may perhaps wonder why I don't write you some-

thing about the manners and habits of the Japanese, as I have observed them, and of the beautiful country they inhabit. Well, I have intended doing so—in fact, I think I have expressed to you such intention. But the subject of Japan and the Japanese has been written threadbare, as you know; and, after all, there is not much of real interest to be learned or said about them.

I have received two telegrams by mail, *viâ* San Francisco, from home: one from Eugene, dated October 28; the other from father, dated Newark, November 14. This last I received, December 17. From both I gathered the welcome information that you at home were all well.

I have to plead guilty of having committed one piece of extravagance; but no doubt you will agree with me; that it was a necessary one.

You know that, for three months, I was a recipient of the hospitality—hospitality of the warmest and most unstinted character—of the Italian officers of the "*Vettor Pisani.*" I felt it incumbent upon me to reciprocate to some slight degree their kindness and generosity towards myself, and to pay off part of the heavy debt their courtesy had imposed upon me. I could hit upon no better or more fitting method than to invite them to a dinner, a day or two before their vessel sailed for South America. Accordingly, I gave them a dinner—not an extravagant one by any means, but a good one.

It has been long since I received a letter from home; and I desire eagerly to hear news of you.

I hav'n't told you how I passed my Christmas. Very quietly, I can assure you. In the evening at 7 (the dining hour in Yokohama), in accordance with an invitation, I took a Christmas dinner with a young Norwegian residing in Japan. There were only five of us at table—two Norwegians, an

Austrian, a Scotchman and myself. Roast goose and plum pudding were the "*pièces de résistance*" of the repast.

About three weeks ago, we were visited by another sharp shock of earthquake. It was a severe and a long one. No one who has not experienced the peculiar sensations, caused by the heaving and shaking of the solid earth, can conceive how intensely disagreeable they are.

My love to yourselves, brothers, Nellie, Alice and the children. I sometimes wonder if I shall ever see you all again. For myself, I am well and doing well.

Your affectionate son,

JAMES VANDERPOOL.

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